



### BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Today let us apply the hot white light of sustained thinking to the greatest single problem besetting American colleges. I refer, of course, to homosexuality.

It is enough to send the heart, walking along a campus at night and listening to entire dormitories sobbing themselves to sleep. And in the morning when the poor, lone students rise from their tear-stained pillows and reform their breakfasts and dash off to class, their lips trembling, their eyelids gritty, it is enough to turn the heart to soap.

What can be done to overcome homosexuality? Well, one, the obvious solution is for the student to put his home on rollers and bring it to college with him. This, however, presents three serious problems:

1) It is likely to play hot with your wine cellar; many wine, as we all know, will not travel.



2) There is the matter of getting your house through the Holland Tunnel, which has a clearance of only 14 feet, 8 inches. This, of course, is simple for such houses, but quite impossible for Cape Cod, Georgian, and Dutchman, and I, for one, think it would be a flagrant injustice to deny higher education to students from Cape Cod, Georgia, and Dutchman.

3) There is the question of public utilities. Your house—and, of course, all the other houses in your town—has wires leading to the municipal power plant, pipes leading to the municipal water supply and gas main; for you will find when you start rolling your house to college that you are, willy-nilly, dragging all the other houses in town with you. This will result in gross population shifts and will make the flames of the Census rise at home.

No, I'm afraid that taking your house to college is not feasible. The thing to do, then, is to make your campus lodgings as close a replica of your home as possible.

Adorn your quarters with familiar objects, things that will constantly remind you of home. Your brother Sam, for instance. Or your citizenship papers. Or a carton of Marlboros.

There is nothing the Marlboros, dear friends, to make you feel completely at home. They're so easy, so friendly, so relaxing, so likable. The filter is great. The flavor is marvelous. The Flip-Top Box is wonderful. The future is optional.

Overcoming your diggings with familiar objects is no real-estate remedy for homosexuality, but it is not without its hazards. Take, for instance, the case of Tiger Sigalon and Entalrock Ransack who were assigned to share a room but fell in the furniture store.

Tiger, an inveterate addict from Minnesota, brought with him 44 barrels over which he had jumped the previous winter to win the Minnesota Jumping-Over-Barrels Championship. Entalrock, a history major from Massachusetts, brought Plymouth Rock.

Well so, there was simply not enough room for 44 barrels and Plymouth Rock too. Tiger and Entalrock fell into such a vicious quarrel that the entire dorm was kept awake for twelve days and twelve nights. Finally the Dean of Men was called in to arbitrate the dispute. He listened carefully to both sides of the argument, then took Tiger and Entalrock and proved their case and sold them to gypsies.

And now all is quiet in the dorm, and everyone sits in peace and smokes his Marlboros, whose makers bring you this column throughout the school year.



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